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I didn't realize I'd have a chance to make a friend. Or that she would bring our family together. One morning, my dad came inside and said he had a surprise. We went outside and saw a rusty kennel. My brothers and I were the first to race after it. We slowly opened the cage and a young grey Pit bull galloped outside the kennel. Our dad came behind us and smiled. "Surprise!" he screamed. We had quickly asked if we could walk her. He told us we could but we had to name her. We had all agreed to name her after our last dog, Bell. We gave her a bath and found her a place to sleep. Later we realised she could use a doghouse, so later we had built her one. We'd check on her often, and take everywhere went. Because of that, we went to more places and hung out more. A year later our dad came inside and told us Bell was sick, so we rushed to check on her and saw that she was lying on her side. We tried to get her up but she wouldn't budge. She died the next day, so we all buried her. But though she was small, she made a big impact on our lives.

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The time I went to village creek with my mom and my uncle I went fishing, hunting, and boat riding, and caught my first gaspergus which is like a fresh water drum.

We caught a full yeti cooler full of gaspergues, perch, Bass and cats. That next weekend we spent the whole day cleaning all the fish. Then we had

Then we had a fish fry and popped fire works because it was the fourth of July and we had this one fire work that tipped over and hit the house and then me in the leg then flew across the road and blew up.

Then we had a bonfire that you could see from outer space.

That was my story about those two weeks.